

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

The National Tribune.

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JOHN McLELLAN, Editor.

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NOTICE.

When you send in your subscription always state whether renewal or new subscriber.

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The Norwegians are very fond of American flag, and it is making its way in the Kingdom against all competitors.

San Francisco will spend \$250,000 in entertaining the officers and men of the Pacific fleet. San Francisco may get badly off at times on some questions, but she is all right when it comes to patriotism and Americanism.

The Journal of Education proposes the following as a test of ambitious speller: "Did you ever perceive the embarrassment of a harassed peddler attempting to gauge the unparalleled symmetry of a desiccated potato?"

Another turn of the slow wheels of justice has sent to Joliet another first-class criminal. Circuit Clerk John A. Cooke, of Chicago, has been fighting his sentence with all the ammunition that abundant means could supply, but the car has moved steadily onward. He has now been cropped and shaven, donned his uniform and gone to work making brooms.

Harry Thaw, in the asylum for the criminal insane, is where he ought to be, and where he will probably remain for some years. After all, New York is well governed. The sensational features of Thaw's crime, which made so much stir during his first trial, have ceased to have any influence, and he will probably be made to follow the ordinary course of ordinary vicious criminals of his type.

A carload of coffee has been seized in Nashville on the ground that it was a violation of the pure food act in being polished and colored. It develops that almost all of the coffee sold in the South is polished and much of it colored. It is said, however, that this is not done to conceal inferiority, but is the result of a fad. The polishing improves the look of the bean, but goes no farther either beneficially or harmfully.

The real inwardness of the squabbles which rent in twain the management of the Jamestown Exposition is now apparent. Hon. Harry S. George Tucker, the President, has shielded his corner into the ring as a definite candidate for the Governorship of Virginia against Gov. Swanson, who is a candidate for re-election. All the dirty linen of the Exposition management will now be washed and aired in Virginia politics. Mr. Tucker announces himself as quite ready for any showing that his opponents may make.

It certainly seems that the end of the work on the Isthmian Canal is visible and can be calculated. Col. Goethals says that it will be finished in six years' time, and at present progress this estimate seems justified. When the Americans took the canal from the French it was calculated that \$7,500,000 yards would have to be removed from the Culebra Cut. Since that time 12,800,000 cubic yards have been excavated, leaving 44,800,000 still to be removed. At the present rate this would be done in less than five years.

President Roosevelt has guessed right again in delicately conveying to the King of the Belgians the fact that the people of this country do not want him to visit them. Leopold II. is about as objectionable a person as sits upon a throne. His personal morals are of the very worst, and upon this he has piled a bad record of atrocities committed upon the negroes in the Congo to obtain rubber and swell the ill-gotten gains which he squandered on his sensual pleasures. The news comes that his own subjects find him unendurable, and he will probably be removed from the throne. It will probably end in Belgium becoming a Republic after the French pattern.

The battle royal on the temperance question is to come off in the chief center of liquor making and liquor drinking. It shows most significantly for the progress of the temperance movement that such a battle is even possible in Chicago, where 34 per cent of the population are foreign born and 59 per cent of the native population are of foreign parentage. Among these Germans are most numerous, the Irish coming next, followed by the Swedes, Norwegians, Bohemians, Poles and Canadians. The fight which will come off at the Spring elections is to be over two referenda. The liquor men will propose one referendum as to Sunday closing and the temperance people will propose the other on local option by wards and districts. The fight will be a bitter one, and the result awaited with much interest.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

The observance of Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12, is becoming more general and impressive each year. This year it was observed in hundreds of towns and cities where it had never been taken notice of before, and the meetings were generally attended by greater numbers of people than had been anticipated. Everywhere the best speakers were obtained, the exercises were of unusually fine character and the function became more instructive and useful in its inculcation of the lessons of Lincoln's life upon the people.

Lincoln does not belong to us alone, but to all humanity. Every man, of whatever creed, clime or country, who loves his fellowman looks to Abraham Lincoln as the greatest leader and benefactor of the race since the Man of Sorrows who died on Calvary. The agreement has become universal that he was the greatest man that our race has produced in the 800 years that it has occupied the center of the world's stage. In those eight centuries our race has filled history with men great in every phase of usefulness and helpful effort for mankind. Great as the galaxy of these illustrious men is, Lincoln stands easily ahead of them all, and our British cousins are no less assertive than we that he has had no equal among them all. England has had her Cromwells and her Alfreds, but they fall far short of attaining the eminence of Lincoln. There have been myriads of tributes to Lincoln written by the ablest pens, but the lines of James Russell Lowell seem particularly applicable to this Lincoln season.

Abraham Lincoln.
(From the "Commemoration Ode" by James Russell Lowell.)
Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closest as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To face the storm and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's
Solid earth.

Not forced to frame excuses for his
Fed from within with all the strength
he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on his head,
Wept with the passion of an angry
grief;
Forgive me, if from present things I
turn
To speak what in my heart will beat
And burn.

And hang my wreath on his world-
honored urn.
Nature they say doth deign,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote;
For him her Old World moulds aside
she threw.

And, glowing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God,
and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind in-
deed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved
to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed
to be,

Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human
worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is
deceit.

They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering
skill,
And supple-tempered will
That rose like perfect steel to spring
again and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain peak of
mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy
bars,
A sear-mark now, now lost in vapors
blind;

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-
led,
Fruitful and friendly for all human
kind,
Yet also high to Heaven and loved of
loftiest stars.

Not that Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting morrow
still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;

Here was a type of the true elder
race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with
him,
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innate weakness there must
be

In him who condescends to victory;
Safe in the Present gives, and cannot
wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate,
So always firmly he:

He knew to bide his time,
And knew his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and
drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These are all gone, and standing like
a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing
man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first
American.

WARNING TO POSTS.

Commander-in-Chief Charles G. Burton, in General Orders No. 2, finds it necessary to remind the Posts of a rigid rule governing the Order in regard to matters of pension legislation. Paragraph III of the order reads:

"At the 18th National Encampment, 1884, the following was adopted: Resolved, That all petitions, resolutions and memorials by Posts in regard to pension legislation be required to be forwarded to National Headquarters through the Department Headquarters, and that Posts be forbidden to make separate and independent applications to Congress for legislation upon the subject of pensions. This resolution has been redrafted by four subsequent National Encampments. Posts will govern themselves accordingly."

MEMORIAL AMPHITHEATER.

Senator Warner, in the Senate, and Representative Townsend, in the House, introduced bills this week to appropriate \$250,000 for a memorial amphitheater in Arlington Cemetery; \$5,000 were to be made immediately available. The Secretary of War, Superintendent of the Capitol, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds and a member of the G. A. R., to be selected by the Commanding-Chief, are to be appointed a Commission to select a site and pass upon the plans. This is a work that has been long desired, and has been the subject of formal action by the National Encampment.

THE ALDRICH FINANCIAL BILL.

Senator Aldrich's financial bill, from which we have been led to expect so many great things, has now been introduced, and is before the country for consideration. In its promises it far exceeds anything that has heretofore been offered in the way of elasticity to the currency. Senator Aldrich says of it:

"The remedy we provide is simple, prompt and efficient. At any time within 48 hours, if an emergency requires it, \$500,000,000 of new money can be put into the channels of trade to allay public excitement and to meet extraordinary demands."

To put one-half billion of dollars into circulation inside of two days is something that, as the great Dr. Johnson would say, "exceeds the wildest dreams of avarice," not to say the visions indulged by the old greenback prophets. Senator Aldrich goes on to explain that in times of panic everybody is frightened about getting money, and therefore disposed to grab all that is within reach and hold it. He would cure this by pouring into circulation such a volume of money as would make their holdings absolutely unnecessary. This is certainly a heroic remedy, and should accomplish the purpose of discouraging people from hiding away all their wealth out of reach of those who are in dire need of currency. What effect it will have upon the real value of our money is another and very serious question, which we trust that the Senator and the able financiers who have aided him in framing the bill have given the most serious consideration.

Senator Aldrich says that his committee recommended the use of first-class railroad bonds, because they were the only securities outside of State and municipal bonds that were in such shape as to allow their value to be passed upon by the Secretary of the Treasury. Here again is a very serious question which we trust has been thoroughly considered; that is, the favoritism that might be exercised in the selection of railroad bonds. It is lodging a tremendous power in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury to give him the duty of passing upon the actual worth of such railroad bonds as may be offered him. The Senator gives us some comfort in the figures that he presents that there are now outstanding State and municipal bonds which could be accepted as securities and which aggregate in value \$2,000,000,000. There is another \$2,000,000,000 of railroad bonds which fill the Senator's requirements as to soundness, and this makes a total of \$4,000,000,000 that could be put up to secure \$500,000,000 which it might be necessary to loan. It must be confessed that the security seems ample, and should be sufficient in any crisis short of such an impossibility as the general wrecking of the country and all its interests.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND THEN ON THAT.

In that dreary Winter of 1865 the prisoners of war in Andersonville, Florence, Salisbury and elsewhere were lying on the cold sand, without shelter, without blankets, without fire, without any food beyond a pint or so of coarse cornmeal, and without salt or meat. They were huddled together worse than any farmer or stock man would pack animals. A farmer's own self-interest, if nothing else, would prevent him from crowding beasts together where the foulness of the ground would carry them off by disease. In the midst of a heavily-wooded country, the prisoners were denied even the material from which to construct for themselves shelter, and to make fires to warm their mangled and frozen bodies. While these conditions existed in all of the prisons of the Southern Confederacy, we have the following report of the officer who inspected the great Union prison at Point Lookout, Md.:

"Headquarters District of St. Mary's, Point Lookout, Md., April 2, 1865.

"Brig-Gen. James Barnes, Commanding District of St. Mary's.

"Sir: I have the honor to submit the following inspection report of the condition of the prisoners of war at this station for the week ending April 2, 1865:

"Conduct, good; cleanliness, good; clothing, fair; bedding, one blanket to each man; state of quarters, good; state of messhouse, good; state of kitchen, clean and in good order; food, quality of good; food, quantity of, fair and in accordance with regulations; water, good; sinks, clean and in good condition; police of grounds, good; drainage, fair; police of hospital, good; attendance of sick, good; there are 258 attendants; hospital diet, good; same as that of U. S. Hospital; general health of prisoners, good; vigilance of guard, good.

"Remarks and suggestions: There were received during the week 4,949 prisoners of war at this station, as follows:

"From Fort Monroe, Va., 162; from City Point, Va., 3,043; from Washington, D. C., 149; from U. S. General Hospital at this post, 120; from New Bern, N. C., 366; transferred to Washington, D. C., 10 officers. Paroled and transferred to Aiken's Landing, Va., for exchange, 500 prisoners of war. Released upon taking the oath, four prisoners. The average rate of mortality for the week was four and one-seventh per day.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"A. G. Brady, Major and Provost-Marshal, Inspecting Officer.

"Remarks by Commanding Officer: Respectfully forwarded. I have nothing of particular importance to add to this report.

"Respectfully referred to the Commanding-Generals of Prisoners.
"J. Barnes, Brigadier-General, District of St. Mary's."

The Lincoln Herald, Lincoln, Neb., is so deeply incensed at what The National Tribune has said about William J. Bryan that it threatens the editor with the penitentiary if he should venture into Nebraska. Its editorial concludes with this highly characteristic fling at the veterans:

"There is one blessed thing concerning a certain class of old soldiers who are still shooting rebels and can see no good, no truth and no honor in the thing but Republicanism, the grim reaper will get them before many more moons. And the sooner the better for humanity."

HUNGARIAN ALLIANCES.

The marriage of one Vanderbilt woman to a Hungarian nobleman and the announcement of the engagement of another calls attention to the financial condition of the Hungarian nobility. The Hungarian aristocracy is suffering the same impoverishment thru competition with the wheat fields of America and elsewhere, that has brought the old British families to such a low financial condition. The ruling class in Hungary are the Magyars, a race akin to the ruling class in Turkey. These Magyars at an early date seized all the lands in the fertile Danube Valley, which is surrounded by high mountain walls, forming what is known as the Hungarian Basin. They, in one way or another, secured millions of Slavs, people of the Russian blood, to work these lands, and they held them very much in the condition of the slaves in the South. At one time they had a virtual monopoly of the wheat market in central Europe, and could get what prices they pleased for their grain. For centuries the "Banat," as it is called, was the "granary of Europe," and the price of grain was largely regulated by the crops there and the prices demanded for them. Then competition began with the American wheat fields, later the Russians and others entered with enormous crops of wheat, and the price of the grain steadily fell until at one time, it will be remembered, wheat sold for 50 cents a bushel. The Magyar landholders, of whom Count Szechenyi, who married Miss Vanderbilt, is a type, had to give up their style of living in unlimited luxury and come down to exceedingly short commons. It is reported that the brother of Count Szechenyi has sailed for Europe with some \$5,000,000 in gold Vanderbilt checks to repair his dilapidated castle and put the estate in fair order. Now comes the news that a Vanderbilt widow, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, is betrothed to another dilapidated Magyar noble, Count Hadik, and he will get her \$2,000,000 to restore his run-down castle and surroundings to something of the former magnificence. There is something of retribution in this, as the Vanderbilt fortune was largely made up in carrying Western grain to market at such rates as broke down the monopoly of the Magyar landholders and wrecked their fortunes.

EXCESSIVE IGNORANCE.

Our very able and intelligent contemporary, the Grocery World, simply throws a fit over the article in The National Tribune in relation to Pennsylvania scrapie. It reproduces the editorial in full and says:

"The National Tribune, of Washington, D. C., takes its place in the gallery of immortal ignorances this week thru some remarks which it makes upon Pennsylvania scrapie. The subject was an article on 'The Story of a Mail-Order Scrapie Business' which recently appeared in the Grocery World. The National Tribune, possibly in spite over the fact that one of the best things on earth it seems to have missed, sourly muses as follows:

"There would perhaps be some excuse for an Alaskan being ignorant of Pennsylvania scrapie, but for a resident of the District of Columbia! Really, it is almost incredible! The Grocery World, after due consideration, cannot bring itself to believe that The National Tribune writer really knows nothing of Pennsylvania scrapie. What he is probably endeavoring to do is to egg on some credulous Pennsylvanian into sending him a pound."

Humiliating as it may seem, we have to plead guilty to about every count in the Grocery World's indictment. The editor of The National Tribune has, in the course of a somewhat eventful life, been made acquainted with about everything that was good to eat in this country and gobs and heaps of what wasn't. As a boy with a consuming appetite and little money he went thru the vegetarian spasms that swept the northern part of the country just prior to the war, when he tried to live on the clammy, soggy Graham bread and the whole repertoire of tasteless, vapid compounds which the health reformers of those days palmed off upon the patient public as health foods. He even went with the radicals among the vegetarians who eschewed salt as unwholesome, and he made meals of unsalted potatoes and squash. He was compelled to say, like the Bonaparte Prince who had one of our native birds served up to him, "I can eat turkey buzzard, but he ez not good."

During the war the editor in his official capacity of a high private in the rear rank, went thru the kaleidoscopic variety which made up a soldier's fare during the dark days of the rebellion. He has eaten, and been mighty glad to get it, corn pone and side meat in Arkansas and Tennessee, turtles and catfish in Mississippi, fry hominy in eastern Kentucky, mush and sorghum in Georgia, and for a year and three months lived, or at least continued to exist, on the coarse cornbread of Andersonville, Florence and other prisons. The main trouble with him then was not the kind or quality of food, but to get enough of it. Somehow, in all these varied experiences he never came across Pennsylvania scrapie. The Yankee boys who came down to us with the Ninth Corps taught us how to bake pork and beans in the most artistic way; the Kentucky and Tennessee boys taught us what good things could be made with cornmeal, and so on, with a man from each State making some addition and improvement to our culinary knowledge.

Somehow, tho, the splendid Pennsylvania boys never said a word about scrapie; they never had any of it around in camp, and certainly never gave any of us a sample of the toothsome food. This seems strange, and throws strong doubt upon the universality of the Pennsylvania love for scrapie, because the boys from that State were generous fellows, and if they had anything particularly good their first impulse would be to share with those who were ignorant of the delicacy. Therefore, we mildly but firmly protest to the Grocery World that the scrapie habit could not have been general during the war, or we should have heard something of it from the Pennsylvania boys.

WILL HURT ATLANTA.

The vicious action of the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy will hurt Atlanta far more than anyone or anything else. Atlanta is an active applicant for a big slice out of the Treasury to build a boulevard around the city, following the lines of the fortifications. It is estimated that this will cost about \$2,000,000, and if the boulevard is made it will be of incalculable benefit to an immense area of farming property which will be brought into the market at city prices for villas and suburban residences. Quite a large ring of Atlanta real estate speculators are behind this pressure for an appropriation which they reasonably hope will make many millions for them. The foolish action of those women will set Congressmen against the proposition, and if the people of the North assert themselves, as they are likely to do, no Congressman from the North will dare vote for such an appropriation. Another thing: Atlanta has been preparing to go to Toledo, and invite the National Encampment to be held in their city in 1909. This would be of immense benefit to the business and real estate interests in Atlanta, and bring many desirable settlers there and help develop the country. If this agitation from the Wirz Monument continues, the Atlanta delegation might as well stay at home. The National Encampment is filled with veterans who had an experience in Andersonville, they were fully acquainted with Wirz, and the rankling memories will be stirred to fresh flame by this hero worship of the cruel scoundrel who was the instrument of all their sufferings.

It is interesting to learn that adulterating food products is not the result of civilization, but is practiced among the peoples in the lowest stage. Our Consul-General at Mexico City says that the practice of adulterating the National drink, pulque, is universal. Rice, pieces of old leather and all such things are found in it, and this adulteration extends to the bottled liquor. The liquor is sold at about two cents a quart. The temperance idea is taking strong hold of the Mexicans, and they are trying to restrict the enormous consumption of this liquor, and one way is to find some other use for the magney plant, so as to get another source of revenue for the planters. Pulque drinking has the same evils as beer drinking, and deteriorates the system quite as rapidly. Restrictive laws have been passed to prevent the sale of pulque which is more than 24 hours old, but these laws are evaded. There is the usual talk about drinking pulque for its medicinal effects, precisely as we hear about drinking beer for health. All intelligent Mexican physicians deny that the liquor has any food or medicinal value. It has a distinct and prejudicial effect on the kidneys, the same as beer, and the constant drinker finds his body rotting precisely as the constant drinker of beer does.

As The National Tribune has frequently pointed out, the finances of Japan are in a very uncomfortable shape, with the war debt pressing so heavily upon everyone in the Empire that strong retrenchment is necessary. The latest news is that the Japanese administration is going at this work heroically, and has already pruned \$12,000,000 off of the annual budget. This is the best answer to the war clamor that could be made. Of all the countries in the world Japan is now least prepared for another war. The overwhelming feature in her policy must be preparation for the inevitable time when Russia gets in shape for another war, and prepares to take back Manchuria and Korea. In the face of this any little squabble about school children in San Francisco or the admission of Japanese coolies to our labor market is insignificant to the last degree. Furthermore, with all the vainglorious there is in Japan about the Japanese being treated as equals, it is a fact that not only the United States, but Canada and Australia, are determined to oppose to the free influx of Japanese labor, and, therefore, if Japan started on a crusade for this she would have a job of appalling dimensions before her.

Still no light is thrown upon the real responsibility for the brutal regime in Portugal. It would seem that a crime in which so many participated and of such awful consequences should be speedily probed to the bottom if the police were of ordinary acumen. The Monarchists are naturally charging the Republicans with the crime, and the Republicans are repelling this with earnestness. While there is much talk of a Republic in Portugal, such a thing is impossible, as it is in any Latin country. The French maintain a so-called Republic, but it is really a bureaucracy, which has been perfected by centuries of careful elaboration, and which carries on the Government without reference to whether the head is called a King, Emperor or President. Portugal, like Spain, has not had the benefits of such a splendid organization of the civil service nor the century of preparation which made the Republic possible in France. There is very little public spirit in Portugal, and nobody among the middle classes trained to come to the front and manage the country, should there be an attempt at a Republic.

A letter from our good comrade, Lyman E. Stowe, 2d Mich., Detroit, Mich., says that he is talking up The National Tribune to people outside the Grand Army as the best, most comprehensive and impartial vehicle of news from Washington. We hope that other comrades will do the same. The National Tribune as an advocate of justice to soldiers and their widows should have an extensive circulation outside of the veterans themselves, for wherever taken it influences the people at large in favor of necessary measures. Wherever the veterans can help its circulation they are helping themselves in the most effective way by increasing the number of their friends and bringing the arguments in favor of justice in favor of veterans and their wives to bear upon those who make public opinion and influence Congress. Every subscriber that a veteran can get outside the ranks of



NOBODY ELSE SHALL PLAY WITH HIS TOY.

DEAR TOM LAWLER.

A Tribute to His Memory From a Life-Long Friend.

"I am sorry he is gone." Such is the feeling and such the expression that rise spontaneously to the lips of all Grand Army men. Yet we know that after life's long battles he sleeps well, and he is only one of the rear guard which is constantly crossing the Jordan, we say, "Peace to him."

Thomas G. Lawler enlisted in 1861 in Co. E of the 19th Ill., a private soldier, young, gallant, adventurous, full of the mettle that marks heroic souls. He served with that regiment thru the tremendous campaigns of the West, culminating as they did at Shiloh, at Murfreesboro, at Stone River, at Chattanooga, at Chickamauga. What a list of strife, of peril and of splendor! And thru it all he bore himself so as to elicit the affection and regard of comrades and commanders, and at last he was advanced to the headquarters of the Fourteenth Corps, remaining on duty with that fighting organization until the close of the war. This is the brief outline of the life of this slender lad, whose hair and long black mustache mounting his swarthy face made him known to all who saw him. He was a man of all the passing years that he had an enlarged frame and load down with the weight of matured manhood. He was a man of more battle life and the splendid courage to high empire.

When the Grand Army was organized in the State of Illinois, after its disastrous dissolution, Tom was a member of Post 1, at Rockford, and so he remained until the close of his life, always with his Post, always at his post, a simple soldier. Altho he had conferred upon him the honor of election to the Commandership of the Post, to the Commandership of the great Department of Illinois, and finally to the Commandership-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, yet while bearing all these positions and receiving all these honors he was still Tom Lawler, of Post 1, Rockford, Ill.

His comradeship soon learned to recognize his devotion and his steadfastness in their interests, and there was no voice of them all which swayed hearts and judgments. The men of the Grand Army of the Republic were effectively than did his. When he rose in public assembly or in private session closest attention was bestowed upon him, as he spoke, he was a man of final and decisive words of counsel, of leadership and of advice. What more can be said of him? Under the flag that he loved so well, under the tender care of the organization of which he was so proud, he sleeps in the State of his home, his youth, his maturity and his age. Whether a monument shall be raised to him or whether he shall lie in the prairie grass shall grow and flowers planted by loving hands while the spot remembered shall blossom is matter of indifference. The man's record made here at the time of muster-out, the history of the patriotism of the country is kept alive, and while the story of the Grand Army of the Republic is repeated.

For what he did and was we love him.
"Green be the grass above thee,
Friend of our stalwart days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise thee."
—John C. Black.

The 2d Ind. Cav.

Editor National Tribune: Please give a short history of the 2d Ind. Cav.—Alexander McDonald, Sewickley, Pa.

The 2d Ind. Cav. was organized at Indianapolis, Sept. 20, 1861, and finally mustered out July 22, 1865. It was first commanded by Col. John A. Bridgeland, who resigned May 22, 1862, and after him by Col. Edward McCook, of the Regular Army, who was promoted to Brigadier-General April 27, 1864. Lieut.-Col. James W. Stewart then took command, retaining the same till Oct. 4, 1862, when he was mustered out. He was again promoted to Brigadier-General, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. He was succeeded by Col. Addison S. Norton, who resigned July 9, 1863. Lieut.-Col. Francis M. Smith then took command, retaining the same till Oct. 4, 1862, when he was mustered out. He was again promoted to Brigadier-General, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. He was succeeded by Col. Addison S. Norton, who resigned July 9, 1863. Lieut.-Col. Francis M. Smith then took command, retaining the same till Oct. 4, 1862, when he was mustered out. 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